

# NORTHERN JUNKET

20¢  
VOLUME 1  
NUMBER 3  
Per year \$2.00.

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TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

The big news this month is the Maine Folk Dance Camp. It was a thrilling experience to the campers and leaders alike. To the latter it was especially inspiring; for

every person there seemed determined to take home every last formation given out. Consequently ers were careful to stick to pro and did not indulge in careless fantasy. They taught us able dances that had a maximum of action; easy dances that

bit of in the lead-ven truths flights of ces that

on to their groups correctly. It is probably true "that" there was little or no dancing in Maine before this camp, but you may bet your last dollar that there is going to be from now on.

And while in a prophetic mood, remember this: five years from now, Kezar Lake Folk Dance Camp will be the leading such camp in the United States. The place has everything needed to make it so; luxurious accommodations, scenery, friendly atmosphere, enthusiastic backers, and NO CURFEW.

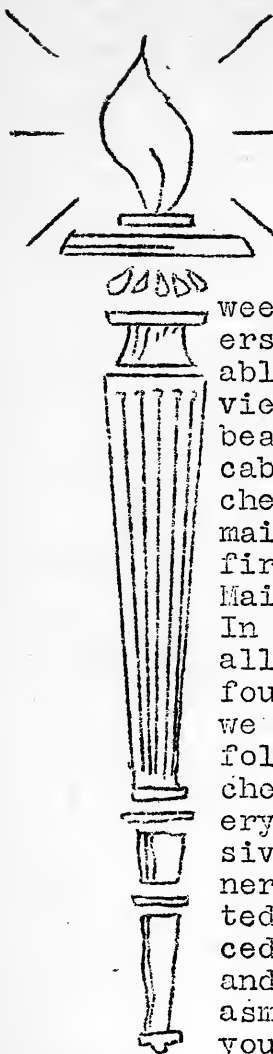
It has been truly said that the people who go to folk dance camps are the backbone of the folk dance movement. You may stop worrying about Maine, for here were gathered the huskiest, healthiest, and most enthusiastic group of potential dance leaders anyone could ask for. From now on keep your eye on Maine.

Sincerely

Ralph Page



MAINE'S FIRST FOLK DANCE CAMP  
First session  
by Lee Hurd



Thanks to its kind owner, Mrs. Heim, we had our exciting camp at Sunset Inn, on Kezar Lake, Me. It is a lovely spot--the lake is long and narrow caught between two wooded ridges whose shoulders nudge it into shape. Our changeable New England weather made the view never twice the same, always beautiful. We were lodged in separate cabins, complete homes except for kitchen equipment, and we all ate in the main building, which also had a huge fireplace--a popular spot on chilly Maine evenings. In such a setting, we rose and danced all day and well into the night for four long days. Until Ralph Page came we learned every kind of European folk dance--kolo, tropanka, schottische, varsovienne, Norwegian polka--everything. They were mostly progressive round dances, so we changed partners constantly and got well acquainted. Some of us weren't very experienced but we all learned a great deal, and there was a contagious enthusiasm that caught and carried us all, young and old.

Several youngsters from a nearby town joined us one evening and danced the Landler and Black Hawk waltz with perfect grace and much solemnity, very pleased when the photographer went to a lot of trouble to get their pictures. They had been taught by the elder brother of one of them, our earnest young camp-mate, Johnny. Only 12 himself, he teaches an enthusiastic group in his

town; so unassuming that <sup>5</sup>we never guessed his achievements until we saw his flush of pride as his pupils received our hearty applause.

To give an added international flavor, each lunch, snack and dinner was from a different land. Our wonder-cook, Mrs. Maxwell, produced tamales, borsch, smorgasbord, real baked beans, lobsters, and a wonderful Turkish sweet made of slices of rolled dried apricot sheets, filled with powdered sugar paste and nuts. Everything was eaten with the great gusto that comes from dancing and from Maine air.

To help out with the work, we all signed up for various committees, the most stoic of which was the group of indefatigable "WedgeWood Workers" (dishwashers). We served our meals buffet style, the servers dressed in whatever costume the nationality of the food demanded; that is, almost costume--whatever we could scrape up to look vaguely like something. Our attempts were received in great good humor, especially the transformation of Gil Daniels into a girl: he tied on his seersucker shirt backwards, and was crowned with a Ukrainian wreath--we had to have another pair of hands, and couldn't whip up the proper masculine attire in time.

At every opportunity we sang; indeed, I have the feeling that we sang all the time. We sang folk songs of all countries; ones we had known, and new ones in various languages. A mimeographed folder of songs served as a basis, but by no means limited us. In large or small groups, solo or chorus, around the fire or under the pines, the music never stopped sounding. A loon out on the lake became positively lyrical over us.

Our leaders were particularly wonderful folk who organized, taught, and inspired our enthusiasm all the time. Jane Farwell, live-wire originator of the camp, was everywhere at once, helping, amusing, and encouraging. Michael and Mary Ann Herman were our teachers, mostly. Excellent dancers themselves, they and Jane demonstrated, called,

and in general pushed us around the way we were supposed to go. Poor Mike's voice gave out after a while, but Mary Ann's didn't, and she carried on nobly, while he played the phonograph. I never met three such exciting people, sincere, and really thrilled by what they were doing. I know most of us felt that way, and are very grateful to them.

Our fellow campers, even if there had been little else to amuse us, were interesting and stimulating enough. There was a real Downeaster, with deep sunk blue eyes that have stared long into sea weather. He recited a grand Maine epic, the 'Wreck on the Kennebec', by Holman Day, about a ship that was mysteriously hurled cross-country on a heavy autumn dew. Hildegard Glass, Rhineland by birth, taught us much about her country's ways, and was most amusing in her spirited interpretations of German songs. Her roommate, Germaine, who was French, completed the rare two-some. Her exuberant antics kept us all in stitches. They had some of us to their cabin after the dance on our last night there--Ralph Page arrived that afternoon. We did various dances with new variations, due to arm chairs and the photographer's flood lights. The songs went on and on, and before we knew it, it was 3:30. Nobody wanted to retire, but our better selves took over, and we bumped into trees outside, trying to find our own cabins, which seemed strangely elusive that night. Ralph was absolutely lost, being a newcomer and was all ready for a sleep outdoors. He must have found his cabin though, for nothing could wake him next morning.

When Ralph arrived, he was greeted with great rejoicing, and a cup of his pet brew--coffee. Stopping only to complain about the smallness of the cup, he swigged it down, and was immediately pounced on to get up and speak. He managed something, and sat down to a refill of coffee, and we let him be while we sang awhile before dinner. That evening he did himself proud, giving us squares and contras, as a contrast to the

round dances we had had, except the few squares Gil Daniels had called. Ralph put on a 'kitchen junket', telling us of sets in kitchens, dining-rooms, living rooms, and parlors, while the caller took refuge in the kitchen sink with his fiddle. The only thing that made attention wander from his calling was the habit he had of sliding in jig variations with his feet as he called. Some of them were quite fascinating.

That night was Hildegard's and Germaine's gathering, and next morning we had to leave. Ralph managed to get up long enough to alternately pat us on the head and take our pictures as we said goodbye to our new friends, and drove off, leaving lovely Lake Kezar behind us.

### Second Session

We arrived Sunday Afternoon in a drizzling rain and left the following Friday noon in a regular deluge, and it rained off and on most of the time we were there. Unusual weather of course. To the ordinary group of campers this sort of weather would have been deadly. But then, folk dancers are not ordinary people. Besides we were kept too busy to pay attention to the weather. Here is the schedule followed: 8 a.m. Breakfast. 8:30 Song Fest. 9:30 Folk Dances and Mixers. 10:30 Favorite Folk Dances. 12:00 Do as you like. 12:30 Dinner. 1:00-2:00 Corner your nearest leader and ask unteen thousand questions. 2:00 Contras and Squares. 4:00 Coffee hour (provided you got there ahead of Mike Herman or Ralph Page) Special Program each day. 4:30 Resource Material and Leadership Training. 5:30 Whatever you pleased. 6:30 Supper. 8:00 Evening Party. 11:00 Good-night Snack and Songfest around the fireplace. With all this activity you would think that we would have been worn out by the time camp ended. Take a gander at these nationality meals and you'll decide differently: Monday night-Dutch. Tuesday noon-Chinese. Tuesday night-French. Wednesday noon-Maine Lobster dinner. Wednesday

night-German. Thursday noon-Bohemian. Thursday night-Smorgasbord. Heck, I gained five pounds without half trying.

The afternoon snacks were marvelous. Nothing like a 4 o'clock cupa cawfee to perk you up. Too, we learned many interesting things about the customs of other peoples at these snacks. For instance, one afternoon Bob Pomeroy of Presque Isle, Maine, fascinated us with his talk on Chinese customs. As a marine he was stationed there for some time. At another, Hildegarde Glass of East Holden, Maine, told us of the customs of the Rhineland. I loved her description of the cookies. And Robin Witschi of New York, talked to us one day on the costumes of her native Switzerland.

We sang at the slightest provocation, or without any. Our favorite song? 'Muss I Denn'. In German if you could manage it; in English otherwise. The midnight folk-sings around the fireplace in the main building were something to remember the rest of your life. To my dying day I'll recall the one the second night of camp. We began about quarter to twelve and sang steadily until nearly two without a single repeat. Something happened that night to get us all in the mood for singing. Maybe it was the room full of golden firelight. Maybe it was the inspired leadership of Jane Farwell. Maybe it was the equally inspired accompaniments of Henry Lash. Maybe the muse of music--Euterpe, and her sister muse of lyric poetry, Erato--left Pieria the sacred place of muses, to be with us there at Sunset Inn for a while. Whatever the reason, forty voices blended perfectly. Happy and gay in 'Kathryns Wedding Day, Waltzing Matilda, Vreneli, Walking at Night.' Exactly opposite in 'Every Time I Feel the Spirit,' or 'Wayfaring Stranger.' Quiet and deeply moving in 'Zum Gali Gali,' and tenderly with the lullabies 'At the Gate of Heaven, or 'Goodnight Beloved,' and softly in the Creole song 'Sweet Potatoes.' We saw a couple of sec



ret tears wiped unashamedly away. An unforgettable folk-sing indeed.

The best liked folk dance? 'At the Inn, To the Crown'. Best liked American dance? The Tempest. It did my heart good to see those Maine folks take so wholeheartedly to contras. Best liked nationality meal? For me, the Lobster Dinner, but for the camp as a whole, probably Smorgasbord.

The townspeople came to our evening parties in ever increasing numbers. At first to watch in wide eyed wonder, but by the time the last night came around they were among the first to get on the floor. The minister had the best time of all. They danced everything that we did and by the expressions on their faces they had a wonderful time.

The campers came from such far away places as South Dakota, Texas (he won't thaw out til a year from next Christmas). And Monday night, as we were eating supper, in came six young people of the Oglebay Folk Dance group, all the way from Wheeling, West Virginia, by way of Montreal. Well, they said "It didn't look far on the map." Veterans of many such folk dance camps they were of immeasurable aid to us greenhorns.

The last night, after the party, we held an auction, with Ralph Page acting as auctioneer. He sold everything that wasn't tied down, and darned near sold Sunset Inn to its owner, Mrs. Heim. He even sold the services of Michael and Mary Ann to the Oglebay group who demanded that they do a Sicillian Tarantell before freeing them. The money raised at this auction went to the sponsor of the camp, Jane Farwell, to help get her out of the hole on the venture. We just did.

It was at this party that we gave a birch-bark plaque to Mrs. Heim as a lasting souvenir of our stay at her lovely Inn. Dick Castner and Lem (Tex) Hall helped Ralph preparing the plaque.

After the auction, we were a long time going to our cabins. Nobody wanted to leave, and there was a last frantic scurrying around securing

autographs of all the campers, on the blank pages of the souvenir programs which we got the first day of camp.

Talking with Jane the next morning, she told us that there definitely would be a folk dance camp next September right here at Mrs. Heim's Sunset Inn. All New England is beautiful in the fall, and for one, I want to go back and look across the lake at the White Mountains of New Hampshire at that time of the year; And to meet again many of the same people who were here at the first camp. Slainte, Kezar! (R.C.)

### MY IMPRESSION OF FOLK DANCE CAMP by EDNA M. HEIM

Ralph, come into the office in my main building, for I have much to tell you.

Last summer, just a year ago, Jane Farwell, who introduced folk dancing, with Keith Bates, who was recently our county 4-H Club Leader of Oxford County, visited me at camp to inquire about arranging a folk dance camp. Well, for the moment never having had any experience in dancing, I felt sort of curious, but quickly said "Yes I would like to see what it is all about." so the arrangements were made for the 19th of May.

On account of Sunset Inn accounts which are strictly wholesale, I offered to purchase the food, according to their direction, and Hope Moody gave me the list, a mile long. So the Folk Dance account was opened, and for hours at a time I gave the orders for the certain dates and all was well. I told Miss Moody that I would help whenever needed, but other than that I would mind my own business. Miss Moody said, "Oh Mrs. Heim, you must eat with us." I was more than glad to accept and offered to remit, but was refused.

The first morning of the camp. I walked into the kitchen to see if anything was much needed, or if I could help, as 41 dancers were booked.

Mrs. Maxwell the chef, met<sup>11</sup> me with a smile and said, "Why here, everybody helps." I knew this to be a fact for only two women were in the kitchen

The international meals were cooked well, and every meal aroused my curiosity as to what next was on the menu, and each dance and meal was served in recognition of the other, such as Swedish Dance and Smorgasbord, and so on.

Jane Farwell, Michael and Mary Ann Herman and Ralph Page, our famous caller, danced as if their feet were made of feathers. Broadway never entertained with a better show. The first night I left to retire at the farm house where I live alone, with such a contented feeling, having met the most considerate folks, that I overslept until 10 a.m. something which I never did in my life before.

It seems to me as well as to countless others that Folk Dancing brings out sociability in every ones character, and joy, and the consideration one for the other. It brings out an international spirit, for after all, aren't we all interbred, even if we are Americans? Selfishness would not be known had the crowned heads danced together. Yes, the dancers all helped with preparing the three extra snacks, washing dishes, and many other duties, but just the same, the spirit of co-operation brought out the good will, and consideration in everyone. There seemed to be no end to the vast preparations and all would help when a helping hand was needed.

The music was inspiring as Michael Herman's own records, his selections played by himself were played. The decorations were wonderful, Jane and Phillippa Farwell displayed talent with paints and making paper articles.

A Folk Dance Camp this coming September is in the offing, and I, for one, will help in any capacity needed. I hope Ralph Page, that you will not fail to be with us at Kezar Lake, where the lake and mountain view add to the attraction.



## KITCHEN JUNKET

(continued from May issue)

"When every man was a working man  
 And earned his livelihood,  
 And the women were smart and industrious  
 And lived for their family's good;  
 Of the days of Andrew Jackson  
 And of old Grandfather Grimes,  
 When a man wasn't judged by the clothes he  
 In old pod auger times." wore,  
 We loved this song of early minstrel show  
 days and sang it with gusto and fervor befitting  
 such lines as:  
 "How young men loaf about the streets  
 And struggle with bad cigars,  
 They stay out all night when they should be  
 With their daddies and their ma's;" home,  
 and the first part of the third verse:  
 "Young gals didn't hug nor kiss their fellers  
 Whenever they came to court,  
 Nor paddle around on roller skates  
 Nor pound the pianoforte;"  
 we let the girls take the high part of  
 the next few lines while we caught our breath  
 to do justice to:  
 "They didn't lie abed til eleven a.m.  
 But got up in the morning betimes,  
 And they didn't elope with the old man's  
 In old pod auger times." coachman,  
 The windows rattled and the ceilings shook  
 as we sang the last verse:  
 "The old men didn't drive fast hosses,  
 Nor gamble with keerds and dice,  
 Nor they didn't run church lotteries,  
 For it wasn't considered nice;  
 But now they'll gamble and drink mean rum,  
 And lead hypocritical lives,  
 And wives run away with each other's husbands

And husbands with other men's wives  
And folks didn't have delirious trimmin's,  
Nor perpetuate horrible crimes,  
For the cider was good and the rum was pure  
In old pod auger times."

"How's the cider, Wallace?" asked Harry, holding on to his throat. "Still holdin' out? My throat is awful kinda dry."

"Should think it would be," said Florence, "You 've had your mouth open so wide, singing, that I thought the top of your head was going to open up."

"Dad's right," agreed Clint, "we ain't had but one round yet."

"And you talk about Florence eatin'" said Edna "after the supper you've just had, I'd like to know where you think you're goin' to find room for anything else."

"Good lord!" answered Clint, "Couple swallows of cider won't take no room. They'll settle the sandwiches I had t'eat to keep Al from makin'a hog of himself."

Nobody hung back as we all trooped into the kitchen for refreshments. Harry and Clint might have been as thirsty as they said they were, but Bert, Henry, and Sam got to the crock ahead of them, and no amount of good natured jostling could budge them from their vantage point.

"Stop yer foolin' around," said Henry, finally, "Want I should spill this dipper o' cider?"

"Good lord and king, no," laughed Sheldon. "Don't waste any of it. Put it into yer."

"Take yer hands out o' my ribs then. You don't tickle. You just pry a fellers ribs up."

"Lickin' good Sal, ain't it," said Ernest, repeating a favorite catch phrase.

"M-m-" smiled Harry, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "That's so meller it's most ripe. Wish I could get my cider to keep like that"

"BT would, if you'd give it a chance to" replied Uncle Wallace. "What d'ye say, anybody want to do

Honest John?"

A yell of approval gave him answer and as we hurried our sets together, Jim Davis and Uncle Wallace called the invitation in unison:

"Honest John, Honest John,  
Find your gals and hurry on,  
Honest John, Honest John,  
Tiptoe light, don't be too long."

This they chanted to the first eight bars of The Girl I Left Behind Me, the banjo taking the melody as Uncle Wallace shifted the milking stool around to his liking.

"Everybody ready? Don't forget to sing the chorus. Let 'er go!"

With fiddle and banjo playing the first strain of The Girl I Left Behind Me, Uncle called the first figure:

"The first couple lead to the right  
And balance with the two  
Join your hands and circle four  
Then here is what you do."

The tune changed as we loudly chorused:

"You sashay by, address your opposite  
Sashay by, address your own,  
Then right and left the way you are-r-r-r-r  
Right and left right back to place  
And all four ladies chain."

The music shifted back to The Girl I Left Behind Me as we danced the 'ladies grand chain' and continued with the next figure:

"Now everybody promenade."

And so on, all around the set, each couple visiting each of the other three couples. This was the long way of doing the dance. But who cared? Nobody was in a hurry and we had all night before us, and tomorrow too. Besides, this

was a traditional dance and we wouldn't have hurried if the angel Gabriel appeared in the door yard blowing the trump of doom.

All too soon, it seemed, we heard the final call for the first half of Honest John:

"Allemande left, and the gents grand chain  
When you're home, swing your own  
And all promenade."

"Never see it done any better," said Uncle Wallace. "Here's the last figure. Remember, now, the 'first two' ain't the first couple. It's the head lady and opposite gent; and the next two is the head gent and opposite lady."

"Sure, we know that, Wallace," called Harry from the north dining room.

"P'raps you do now. You didn't the other night at the Town Hall. Hadn't been for your partner you'd a been standin' there yet."

"I was thinkin' of somethin' else."

"Better think with yer feet instead of yer head when you're dancin'. All ready, Jim? Here yer go."

"The first two give right hands around  
Take your steps in time,  
Left hand back the other way  
And balance four in line. SWING!"

The tune for this figure was the old song, "I Can't Untie the Knot," changing to "Turkey in the Straw" as we danced:

"First four half promenade  
Half right and left to place,  
And all promenade."

Then back to the original tune as the first gent and third lady gave 'right hands around' and 'balanced four in line'.

W

We protested loudly as the dance ended. Nobody left their places, but called for more.

"Let's do it all again."

"Sure, why not? It's the best square dance to ever come out of Vermont."

"Do you mean it"? asked Uncle Wallace. "Want everything from the beginnin'?"

"Yes." "Y6U bet." "Don't want any 'f we can't have it all."

"All right then. But I want to dance it. Come on over here Al, you ain't earned yer supper yet. Will you dance this with me, Mabel?"

"None o' yer monkey shines on that groan-box Al. No foolin' around."

"That's right. Play it th' way it's s'posed t' be played. Not th' way YOU think it ought t' be".

So Honest John was danced once more. All of it, from beginning to end.

During the pause that followed its ending, I called Uncle Wallace over and asked:

"Know anything about that dance? Where it came from, or who started it?"

"Came from round Newbury, Vermont," he replied. "Used to be a family name of Van Orman live up there. Big family, and all good musicians. The old man put the figures and music together, seventy-eighty years ago. Up north, round Swiftwater, they always do it th' first dance after intermission."

There came now, one of those unaccountable lulls in any party. For a few seconds all were quiet. The grandfathers clock in the corner cleared its throat and struck twelve.

(to be continued)



## CONTRY DANCE

Swing Your Jenny --- Music, "D & A" Schottische  
 Regular contry dance formation for any even  
 number of couples. The first and every alternate  
 couple cross over to start the dance.

## The Dance

Active couples swing partners (Swing your Jenny)

" " " next below

" " " partners again

" " down the center and back

Cast off next below and opposite ladies chain.

Continue as long as desired.

## The Music



## SQUARE DANCE

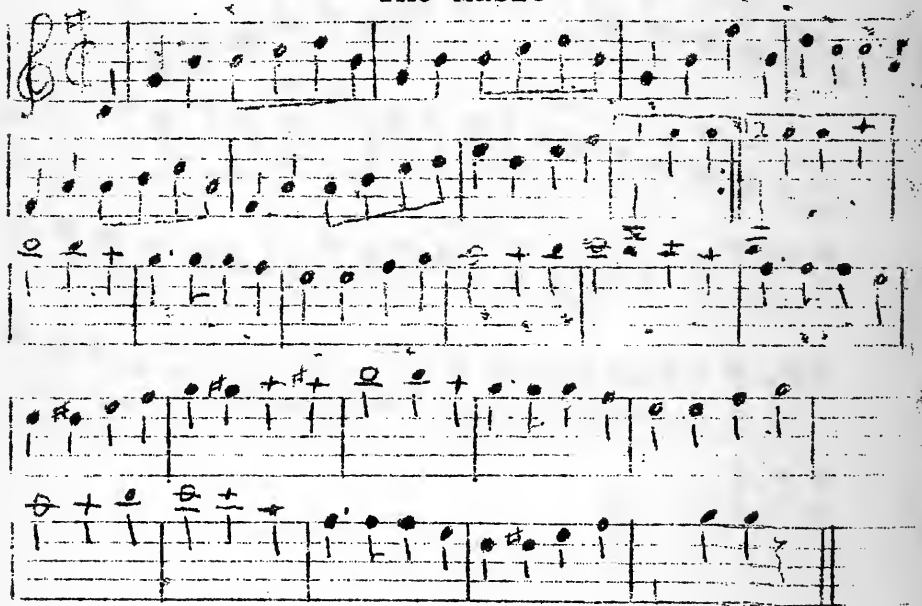
Music----- The Crooked Stovepipe

Any introduction you want provided you use the  
tune once through; thirty two measures. Then:

The head two ladies forward and back  
Forward again and the two girls swing  
Six hands around them in a great big ring  
Break that ring and swing your own, everybody  
Allemande left your corners swing  
A right hand round your own  
You do si do your corners  
And do si do your own  
You've got time to swing your own alone  
Swing her once or twice

Do the same changes for the two side girls  
also the two head men, and the two side men

The Music



Do not repeat this second strain, go back  
to beginning of tune. R P

## FOLK DANCE

Masquerade

Danish

Figure 1, music A: Partners stand side by side, lady at gentleman's right. Arm in arm they march sixteen walking steps counter-clockwise. All turn around and retrace steps with sixteen walking steps.

Figure 2, music B: Partners join inside hands, outside ON HIPS. Waltz four waltz steps forward in open position. All take social dance position on and waltz four more steps. Repeat all of figure two.

Figure 3, music C: Open position, inside hands joined, all dance forward with four hopsa steps. Then in a shoulder-waist position all do four hopsa steps with partners. Repeat all of figure 3. Repeat entire dance as long as desired.

*march tempo*

The Music



NORTHERN JUNKET, June, 1949, Monthly, Vol. 1,  
No. 3. Two dollars a year, 20 ¢ per copy.  
Make checks or money order payable to  
Ralph G. Page, 182 Pearl St. Keene, N.H.

Editor Ralph Page  
Associate editors  
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    Joe Blundon

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NORTHERN JUNKET welcomes folk songs and  
dances from any reader. Especially articles  
and news about what your club, school, or  
group is doing. Also articles on folk songs  
and ballads; folk lore and folk stories.

## SUMMER SQUARE DANCING

Ask the following callers and leaders

Charlie Baldwin	.....	Norwell, Mass.
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Bob Treyz	.....	West Acton, Mass.
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If you are located in southern New England and are looking for a square dance orchestra by all means get in touch with Phil Jamoulis 761 Bedford St. Fall River, Mass. He, and the two Gulyassy brothers can play any kind of music wanted. Honest, folks, they are GOOD. (This is NOT a paid advertisement, R.F.)

20  
FOLK SONG

HENRY, MY SON (Lord Randall) correct origin unknown. Collected by Marian Roberts.

The image shows a handwritten musical score for the song 'Henry, My Son'. It is written on five staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 3/8. The melody is written with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second staff continues the melody and lyrics. The third staff has the word 'FASTER' written below the notes. The fourth staff continues the melody and lyrics. The fifth staff ends with a double bar line. The lyrics are: 'Where have you been Henry my son? where have you been my pretty one? woods, dear mother woods, dear mother, go make my bed quickly I've given myself such a pain in the head I want to lie down and die!'

Where have you been Henry my son? where have you been  
my pretty one? woods, dear mother woods, dear  
FASTER  
mother, go make my bed quickly I've given myself such a  
pain in the head I want to lie down and die!

2. What did you in them woods  
Henry, my son?  
What did you in them woods  
My pretty one?  
Et, dear mother; Et, dear mother  
(Go make my bed quickly, etc.)
3. What et you in them woods  
Henry my son?  
What et you in them woods  
My pretty one?"  
"Eels, dear mother, eels dear mother,  
(Go make my bed quickly, etc.)
4. What color were them eels  
Henry, my son?  
What color were them eels  
My pretty one?  
Green and yellow, mother,  
Green and yellow, mother  
(Go make my bed quickly etc.)

5. Them eels were snakes  
 Henry, my son!  
 Them eels were snakes  
 My pretty one!  
 Ugh, dear mother  
 Ugh, dear mother,  
 (Go make my bed quickly etc.)

Lord Randall (Child 12) is a ballad of many aliases. It is known as: Dirante, Tyranti or Tyranna, Fair Randal, Wilson, Billy, Ronald, Sweet Nelson, Fair Andrew, Donald and Durango. And probably as many more. It is one of the most widely known in America, and offers a field for study to show the relative rates of traditional change, and every tune, including fragments, and every text should therefore be recorded. We have never before heard this variant collected by Miss Marian Roberts, a student at the New England Conservatory of Music, in Boston, and are happy to pass it on to interested people.

There are an immense number of versions of English and Scottish tradition; likewise in German and Swedish. The oldest known version is believed to be of Italian origin. That England shares most of her songs with Northern nations is a fact familiar to all; but this is almost the first time of discovering a popular British ballad in Italian dress. You will find an excellent discussion of this ballad in "Essays in the Study of Folk Songs" by Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco, #673 of Everyman's Library.

Some crime of the middle ages was probably the foundation of the ballad. Sir Walter Scott suggests that it may have originally related to the death of Thomas Randolph, or Randal, Earl of Murray, nephew to Robert Bruce, governor of Scotland, who died suddenly, with grave suspicions of poisoning at Musselburgh, in 1332, when his valuable services were most needed and necessary to his country, an English invasion being threaten<sup>ed</sup>

The identity of the poisoner, as well as the motive, varies with different localities. Sometimes it is the sister; occasionally the grandmother; more often it is the true love who is guilty. But whoever did the foul deed, made a good job of it, for the young man knows that he is destined to die. Possibly, he might be dying of indigestion, for a good bait of fried eels and fried onions (as is the commonly sung meal) would be enough to poison all but the strongest stomachs. The young man is frequently changed to a child poisoned by a step-mother when the ballad is sung to children. Here in New England *Dirante My Son*, sung slowly and softly as a lullaby, has soothed many a restive child to sleep.

The many forms, "Taranty, Tiranti, Teranis, Dirante," etc. are all corruptions of "Tyrannus." The name is rare, and is thought by some to be a corruption of "Lord Randall."

The oldest melody to "Lord Randall," printed in Johnson's Musical Museum, is a Scots air, of which traditional variants have survived in America. This air, however, is giving way to an Irish melody, one form of which is sung to the familiar comic ballad "Vilikins and Dinah." Three variants of the Irish air are included in Greigs melodies to "Lord Randall" (Last Leaves, p. 14).

It is reasonably safe to say, that, of all English ballads, "Lord Randall" holds in the United States the leading position. "Barbara Allen" is no doubt known to more folk singers, yet much of its popularity is due to its being reprinted in many pocket songsters. A great many variants are still sung in Maine.

A secondary form of the ballad is "The Croodlin Doo" and presents the situation of a child, questioned by the mother, telling how his step-mother has poisoned him. "The Croodlin Doo" furnishes an example of the spirit of the dead mother returning to comfort a child abused by a cruel stepmother. From the viewpoint of folklore this is not considered absurd.





## STONE FROLICS

One of our neighbors who comes from New York state tells us this story, told to him by his grandfather. It has to do with the origin of the miles of stone fences found in that section. A hundred or more years ago, after harvest, the men for miles around would join forces and build each other's stone fences. A hundred or more families would be represented; dozens of ox teams, hundreds of men, youths and boys would descend upon the rocks of someone's farm and convert them from just so many unwelcome stones to neat, orderly boundaries for a calf pasture, an orchard, a corn field or some other of the many fields that were a part of every farm.

The fences were not built from one end to the other but were built almost, one might say, simultaneously. The members of the stone frolic would distribute themselves along the proposed course of the wall in groups, and each group began building a section. Obviously, this was an effective method of working, for the entire available man and ox power could thus be utilized whereas, had they all attempted to work at one point on the wall, there would certainly have been a bottleneck. The boys' job was collecting small stones for chinking between the larger ones. They all must have really worked too, for our friend tells us, on the authority of his grandfather, that they could complete a half mile of stone fence in a day.

## ALONG THE WAY

by

R.G. SEYMOUR

Whenever I hear the expression "The good old days," I cannot help but wonder what the speaker has in mind. I'd be surprised at any two people who mean just the same thing. One cartoonist occasionally comes out with a picture of a home of that era around 1900, showing home life of that period.

Certainly no one would yearn to go back to the living conditions of 1900 even if meat did sell at 13 cents a pound. What woman would endure bare rough floors in the kitchen and a carpet in the living room, too expensive or too delicate, to be used every day. Who wants to go back to driving horses for every bit of hauling or riding? Too well do I remember those long cold drives in winter. Many the time have I climbed from the sleigh too stiff with cold to unbuckle the harness. Before the days of central heating, we had one room like an oven and the rest like a refrigerator. In case of illness long hours were lost waiting to get a doctor. In case of accident the wait was often too long. Much food was wasted by freezing in winter and lack of cooling in summer. Why, then, all the yearning for "The good old days?"

One reason is the natural longing for the days of our youth. How often one hears of emigrants in old age longing for their native land even though that land holds only memories of hardship and terror for them. We long for the carefree days of youth.

There is another feeling of spiritual loss to many people. The days of yesterday seem at least to have been more peaceful than our present time. Even if there were wars and rumors of war, the news arrived more slowly. News did not jump out of the radio to smite our ears before we had breakfast. Disasters were all over

before we heard of them. We didn't sit near a radio in suspense while a posse hunted a lost child or the airplanes rushed aid to a plane lost at sea. How often people go to the mountains to escape the radio and telephone. These blessings have a way of backfiring, and destroying our peace if we let them.

Today people have a feeling of frustration because they have n't enough manual work to consume the normal nervous energy developed in the body. When we worked ten hours a day, we were tired but less nervous. Boys were not hindered from normal healthy character building work. Fewer boys became "dead end kids". Women didn't have time to worry about styles in dog collars or mink coats. Keeping house was manual labor, not an executive adventure. When we had holidays we could relax because we heeded relaxation. A holiday for people today requires as much planning as a week of housekeeping. Then it takes about two days rest afterward to recuperate.

To me, when anyone mentions "the good old days" I begin to feel that somewhere along the line he has let himself be overcome by the pressure of things instead of overcoming his environment as God intended. The air is still pure. The sun still shines. Children still laugh and cry. Love is still sacred and pure. The wind blows over the meadow. Rain smells good on newly turned loam. We have better plants, better stock, lighter work, better buildings, more time to live. Why, then, do we yearn for the good old days? Tomorrow is better than all the yesterdays if we will it to be so.

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With the coming of spring and early summer old timers remember the tinkling bell of the scissor grinder or a droning repetition of a hurdy gurdy, and remember the man with the monkey with a little red hat as he hurried around collecting pennies.

In late afternoon as school was let out, they remember a group of men pasting up gaudy colored circus posters, and the excitement that prevailed among the kids. And another afternoon as school was dismissed they were met at the door by their father, who explained that the gypsies were back and he thought he had better come and take the youngsters home. We never knew the gypsies to molest children, but they did have a very unsavory reputation. The charm of their garish costumes played a drama in childish minds, never to be erased.

Then came the tin peddlers, with a chariot like cart drawn by one or two horses, bringing to the country women many articles of tinware, brooms, and mop sticks, as well as other essentials of good housekeeping. All winter long, farm women had saved their paper and rags that the peddler might possibly take in trade for a coveted article long wanted.

There were also the pack psddlers, who carried hugh packs on their backs, full of such wonderful things as pins, needles, buttons and other small articles. Sometimes, too, they had a few bolts of cloth, the envy of every back-country housewife. Or a few nice pieces of linen, manufactured table covers, or silks of such unusual beauty that few could deny themselves buying, even in those days of money shortage.

No longer are the simple pleasures of the hurdy gurdy, scissor grinder, the traveling monkey and peddlers seen in the country. Occasionally a hurdy gurdy may be seen on a city street but not often. Even the umbrella man seems to be no more, for umbrellas seem to have disappeared with Chamberlain.

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On the train to Boston recently, we got to talking with a fellow passenger from northern Vermont. During the course of our conversation he asked if we knew what "poor man's cabbage" was. We never heard of it before, and are pass-

ing the question along to the rest of you. If you know the plant won't you tell us?

We know of skunk cabbage, an American aroid, having a reddish horn-like spathe in earliest spring, followed by a cluster of cabbage-like leaves. It has a disagreeable odor and we've never known of its being used as food. Possibly the "poor man's cabbage" he had reference to is not used as food. So it is possible that he had in mind, poke, also called garget or pigeon berry. This is an early spring herb and its young tender shoots are used by some people like asparagus. The roots and berries are said to have emetic and purgative properties. The berries are used in Europe to color wine.

Almost everyone is familiar with the common weed called plantain. It is said to grow in every civilized country in the world. Our Indians called it "white man's foot", because it never grew here in America until the coming of the white man. Healing properties are attributed to it. Used as a poultice, it is said to allay the inflammation of the poison ivy. We are only passing this on as hearsay, not knowing if it is correct. We do know however, that many people have been helped from poison ivy by using jewel weed, a common plant found everywhere, with small yellow blossoms which later become pods that explode when touched. Herbists claim that if we but knew it there is a remedy for every ill in the plants so common all around us. And come to think of it, they are right, for where else do our drugs and most remedies used by physicians come from but from the roots or blossoms of plants, some of them common weeds?

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The Romans introduced the bagpipe into Scotland. The instrument was known in ancient Egypt, Chaldea, and Persia.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE FOLK FESTIVAL

The fourth annual New Hampshire Folk Festival was held at the Belknap Recreation Area in Gilford, May 20 & 21. It was by far the best of the four festivals held thus far. Plenty of audience participation kept everybody happy and eager for more. Capacity crowds attended the three performances which opened Friday night with a grand march led by Gov. and Mrs. Sherman Adams. The Saturday forenoon session featured a workshop in folk and square dance leadership with the discussion led by Mrs. Jane Post of Gilford. Speakers were Miss Grace Pelker, N.H. Board of Education, Mr. Gene Gowing, Peterboro, Miss Priscilla Rabethge, UNH, and Mrs. Dorothea Thompson, Laconia.

Another feature of the festival was the exhibits and demonstrations: Art and craft exhibitors were: pottery, Dr. Hortensia Robinson, Gilford; weaving, Mrs. Maurice Watson, Gilmanton; rug hooking, Mrs. Claude Foster, Mrs. Roy Shepard, Mrs. Earle Lancaster, and Mrs. Charles Lord, all of Laconia; doll making, Mrs. Frederick Robbins, New Hampton; jewelry, Mrs. Carolyn Gove, Laconia, and Mrs. Lester Lear, Sandwich; fly tying, Ralph Lee, Lakeport; stenciling, Mrs. Selina Chandler, and Mrs. Howard Wagner, Laconia; textile decorating, Mrs. Philip Ames, Laconia; woodcarving, Mrs. Omer Marcoux, Mrs. Jess Blackstone of Concord; needlework, Mrs. Isaac Hill, Concord, and woodburning, Mrs. Walker Weed, Gilford. Food displays were by Miss Lilli Hoffman, Canterbury; Miss Elvira Erickson, Bristol; Laconia Greek Club, French Canadian group, Laconia, Ladies Hebrew Society, Laconia, and Mt Belknap grange of Gilford.

During the afternoon youth session a feature was 72 youngsters from the Salmon Falls school, led by Mrs. Gene Schultz. The school principal, Mr. James McKeon, had to learn to square dance so that he could help teach the children. They sponsored a public dance to pay for busses bringing them here. Other youth numbers were by Rochester

Girl Scouts, led by Miss Louise Johnson; Laconia Elementary Schools, led by Mrs. Kathryn Hall; Gilford Grace School, led by Mrs. N. Davis and Mrs. A. Moulton; Concord Friendly club, led by Mrs. Warren Butterfield; Gilford 4-H clubs, led by Mrs. Jean Van de Bogart; and Way School of Claremont, led by Mrs. Ruth Rollins.

A play, "The Old Clock", written and directed by Miss Jean Parkhurst, UNH, was presented by university students. The play is based on an old New Hampshire folk tale.

The final session of the festival included a program of quadrilles, contras, and folk singing. One of the highlights of this program was the appearance of the Tercentenary group of Hampton. This group was formed when square dancing was just starting to be revived in this area. Fiddler and caller Leon Stewartson of Concord, who coached the group when it was founded, was here with them; the leader was Mrs. Hazel Coffin, Hampton. Other groups at this session were: Merrimac Valley 4-H clubs, Greek Folk Dancers from Somersworth and Dover; Strafford County 4-H clubs; Shaker Singers of Enfield; Durham Reelers; Lebanon 4-H clubs; and Scully School of Concord.

General chairman of the N.H. Folk Federation is B. L. Thompson of Laconia. Other committee-men are: Reid Allen, business manager, Laconia; Mrs. Dorothea Thompson, Laconia, dance chairman; Guy Mann Rochester, Wayne Rich, Concord, Arthur Tufts, Exeter; Mrs. Oliver Post, workshop chairman, Gilford; Mrs. Kathryn Hall, youth session chairman; Miss Pauline Remick, Concord, music chairman; Mrs. Reid Allen, Concord, traditional foods chairman; Mrs. Julie Engle, Concord, crafts chairman; Dr. J. D. Batchellor, UNH, drama chairman; John Brennan, Concord, publicity; Mrs. Mildred McKay, research chairman, State Library, Concord.

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When Balaam lived, it was considered a miracle that a donkey should speak. How times have changed!

## REPORT FROM BOB TREYZ



Because of the inclement weather the out-of-door square dance frolic, sponsored by the 4-H Camp Committee of Middlesex County, Mass. was moved under cover and held at Vose's Pavilion, Maynard May 27.

The variety and quality of the program was excellent and enjoyed by everyone. Ted Sanella's and Dick Best's square dance bands provided real zippy old time tunes.

The callers were Lawrence Loy, Joe Trapeano, Dick Best and Bob Treyz. The demonstrations

sets were: The Fitchburg Quadrille Club, Littleton 4-H Do di doers, Swedish Folk Dancers of Sudbury, and the Intercollegiate demonstration group from Cambridge. The latter group did a colorful pattern. The fiddling done by both bands had the audience around the band stand beating out the rhythm of the melodious tunes.

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Saturday, June 25, Grover-Cronin's department store of Waltham is sponsoring an out-of-doors square dance in their large parking area. To their knowledge and mine too, it is the first of its kind to be sponsored by a business enterprise in this particular part of the country. There will be a nominal admission charge and all proceeds will be turned over to the "Jimmy Cancer Fund". I'm putting the program together for them and am also doing the calling, using Dick Best's orchestra. There will be a few demonstration sets on the program too. If the parties are continued throughout the summer, I'm going to call in guest callers and demonstration groups.

That's all for now. Keep 'em swingin'.

Bob Treyz



## FITCHBURG QUADRILLE CLUB NEWS

The big news this month is past history. The second Montachusett Folk Festival was held Saturday, May 7, at the B.F. Brown school gym. The event this year you might say was more folk than festival, with only three exhibition sets and the rest of the evening devoted to general dancing. The exhibition sets were by Dick Richardson's Marlboro, N.H. team, the Worcester Dancers, led by Harry Becker, and Gil Brook's Fitchburg Quadrille Club set. There was a crowd of well over three hundred; and one thing we noticed compared to last year was that a greater part of the crowd was on the floor dancing and fewer in the balcony looking on. This seems to me to be a good omen, for I've always believed that square dancing was more fun to do than to watch.

In a word the event went off well; everybody had a good time and congratulations are certainly in order to the general chairman, Arthur Loveland. As a sort of experiment, this year we leaned more heavily on radio than on newspaper publicity. The highlight so far as radio was concerned was an interview of Gene Gowing by Dotty McKittrick on her Holiday House program.

On Tuesday, May 24th, the club gave an hour's program for the Eastern Star here in Fitchburg. On Friday the 27th a set went to Maynard to take part in an out-door square dance frolic in that town.

We are considering a festival, maybe this fall, or possibly next spring, which will really be a folk festival, with national dances by some of the many groups which are active and available around Fitchburg. There will be more on this when the time comes.

We are planning a series of dances in Wallace Hall for the coming fall and winter, on the first Saturday of every month, with Ralph Page and his orchestra.

Randall Doughty, secretary.

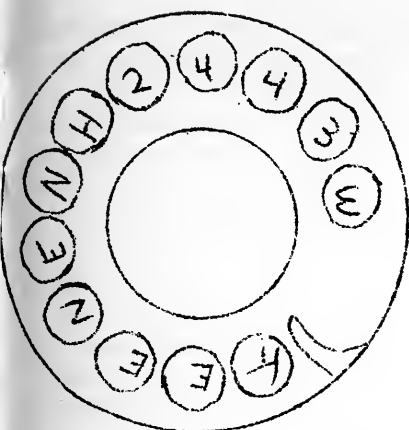
## WHAT ONE TOWN IS DOING

Orford, N.H. For the second year, the Orford Community Council is sponsoring free square dance lessons alternate weeks in the Town Hall. Whole families are coming out to hear and do such dances as "The Girl I Left Behind Me, and Honolulu Baby" everybody from grandpop to the grandchildren in grammar school.

The unenlightened city slicker is apt to refer to square dances as old fashioned dances, but there is a big difference between the square dance of today and that of 50 or even 10 years ago. Orford invites you to discover for yourself that in this atomic age a man undoubtedly travels fastest he has ever traveled without mechanical aid, when he joins a square dance at the Orford Town Hall. Even the caller, Glenn Pease, seems to sing away at an amazing pace that is startling to the newcomer.

No beginner need fear to come out at the Town Hall, for Glenn Pease is a willing instructor, and everyone is anxious to help the novice. The only requirement is an abundance of energy for one has to be in good condition for this type of dancing. Unless it is a regular habit, as any one who tries it will soon discover, the dancer will be completely exhausted the first evening he tries it.

The folk in Orford prefer square dancing, though between squares there are usually fox trots or waltzes. When there is any sitting out it is seldom during the squares. They like this kind of dancing for its variety and fun. Every second and fourth week on Wednesday nights the Town Hall is packed. Mother and Dad don't sit home wondering where their son or daughter spends the evening because they go with them. Mother does the dances to keep her weight down, and Dad does them instead of the exercises he always intended to do. Nobody has to sell square dancing to these folks, but they would like to sell them to you. How about it?



## THE TOWN CRIER

Born: May 19, to Mr. & Mrs. Don Chambers of Woodside Long Island, a son, Donald Moore Chambers, II.

Born: May 20, to Dr. & Mrs. Frank Lyman, jr. of Fort Madison, Iowa, a daughter Patricia Jo.

Born: May 23, to Mr. & Mrs. David Gliberman of Peekskill, N.Y. a daughter, Tamra.

Born: June 2, to Mr. & Mrs. David Levy, of Great Neck, N.Y. a son, Richard Neil.

Died: Feb. 6. George Edwards, famous ballad singer of the Catskills.

Write to the State Planning and Development Commission, Concord, N.H. for a copy of the New Hampshire Recreational Calendar.

The Goyette Museum of Americana, Peterboro, N.H. presents the everyday life of our ancestors with the reconstructed interiors of old shops, tavern, fire station, and other places along a typical village street. Extensive collections of antiques include old automobiles, belt and shoe buckles, and many other items.

Monadnock-Folkways announce that there will be square dancing at the Bell Studios, Peterboro, N.H. every Saturday night, June through September. Also every Wednesday night through July and August. During the latter two months, they will sponsor a series of hymn sings, on Sunday evenings. Meadow Hearth, under the direction of Kurt and Grace Graff is preparing its Second Summer Festival at Hopkinton, N.H. This out-door theater is offering a group of seven concerts on Saturday nights, July 2 through Aug. 27, and a series of four Square Dance evenings, the first of which will be Friday, June 24.

Senior 4-H members and any high school youth

interested may attend the summer Youth Institute on the university campus at Durham, N.H. Aug. 15-19. This institute offers leadership training and personal improvement courses in such things as swimming, lifesaving, recreation, home economics crafts, etc. For further information consult any of the county club agents in New Hampshire. Seven hundred school children participated in the first music festival held in the Warner, N.H. school district. Elementary and junior high pupils from Warner, Bradford, Contoocook, Henniker, Hopkinton, Newbury, Webster and Sutton presented the program of folk songs and dances from our own and other lands.

At a recent meeting of the Manchester, N.H. Historic association, Dr. J. Howard Schultz gave a talk about Early English and Old New England Ballads. Dr. Schultz, an authority on the history of ballads and an accomplished singer of ballads told of "The Ballad of Tradition," during which he traced the mystery of the beginnings of many well known folk songs and pointed out the marks that distinguishes the ballad of oral tradition from the "minstrel" ballads. To further illustrate his talk Dr. Schultz sang many of the ballads to his own guitar accompaniment.

Sharon, N.H. Art Center Handcraft shop opens June 15. For information of summer classes in weaving stenciling, etc. write to the secretary, Mrs. Harry Wright, Sharon, N.H.

The Coach House Workshop in Mason, N.H. offers instruction in such crafts as metal work, pottery, weaving, wood carving, and stenciling, for the period July 4-August 19, inclusive.

Classes in Early American Decoration, Glidden Tavern, Chester, N.H. June-Sept. include bronze stenciling, gold leaf work, floating color, brush stroke painting, glass and tinsel painting, and wall stenciling, in the way of 18th and 19th century craftsmen.

A square dance for the benefit of World Christian Missions was held in the vestry of the First

Church, Keene, N.H. May 20. Nearly two hundred were there to dance to Ralph Page and his orchestra. The World Christian Missions is a non-sectarian foundation for the promotion of better living conditions in Christian nations.

A group of young people from the Bay Shore, Mass. have organized a square dance club, The Yankee Whirlers. Officers of the new club are: Pres. Everett Webster, Bridgewater; V.P. Peter Tolman, Scituate; Sec. Barbara Nordbeck, Easton; Reporting sec. Margery Hanson, Bridgewater; Treas. George Damon, Millbrook; Directors, Eva Jackson, Norwell; William Dunkle, jr. Duxbury; Betty Hollinshed, Braintree; Milton Rockwell, West Bridgewater; and John Hanson, Bridgewater. Membership is limited to young people between the ages of 16 & 25, and unmarried Massachusetts Folk Dance Festival at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst, is planned for July 21. This is an important event on the list of this summers dance calendar.

Sixteen hundred people attended the Dance Festival of the Women's Club of Weston, Mass. June 3. Dancing on the green was thoroughly enjoyed by the throng, which was undoubtedly the largest crowd of the square dance year so far. Charlie Baldwin was the caller and his Country Dance Seranaders furnished the music.

Rockport Arts Association (Mass) announce a series of summer square dances every Friday night, with Joe Perkins calling. This is a nice party; well worth attending.

Burl Ives, noted folk singer, recently completed an engagement at the Copley Plaza, Boston.

Susan Reed, America's foremost woman folk singer has been on a tour of the New England states. Studies in the Russian Epic, by several Slavic scholars is the memoir currently being sent to members of the American Folklore Society.

14th Annual Duxbury Days Folk Dance Festival July 3, 1:45-6:00 p.m. at Duxbury (Mass) High School Athletic Field. Exhibitions along with plenty of public participation. All your favor-

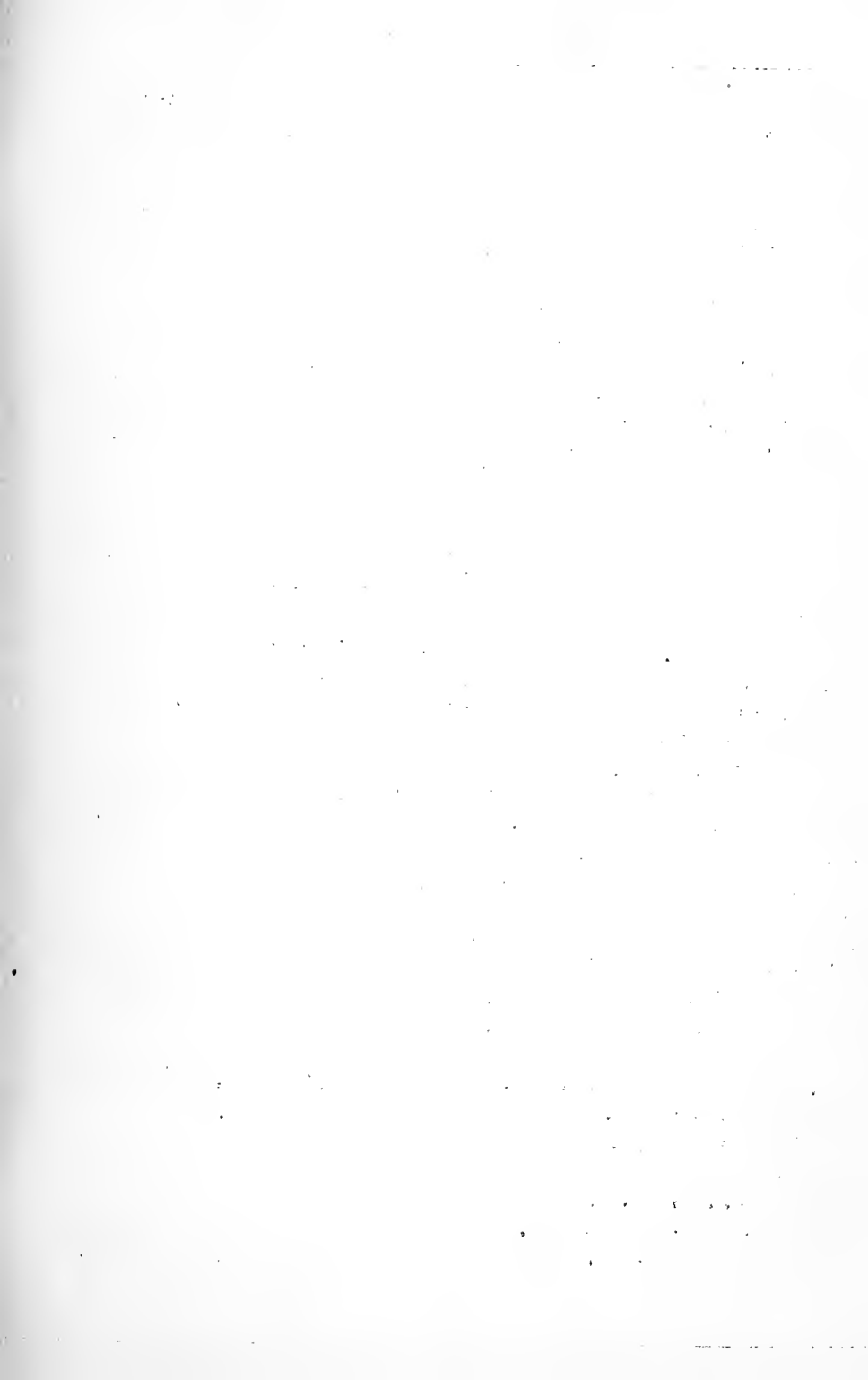
ite callers. Details arranged by Bill Dunkle, assisted by the Yankee Whirlers. Sponsored by American Legion Post #223.

Pawtucket, R.I. YMCA is contemplating a series of outdoor square dances this summer at their new outdoor recreation area on Wednesday nights. Contact Ralph F. Raymond for further information. Interesting Folk Dance films may be rented or bought from D.D. Livingston, 220 Clinton, St. New York City. Extremely interesting are the following: Folk Dances (Three Russian dances, Moldavents, Krizhacheck, and Kazaki). Fiestas of the Hills, (Mexican, Aztec dance rituals). Dance Festival, (International festival in London with the dances of Ukrania, Caucasus, Uzbekistan and Armenia. If you are interested in Square and Folk Dance apparel, write to Charles and Grete Carpenter, 45 West Birdsall St. Wilmington, Ohio. Made to individual measurements, trimmed with hand woven materials are men's shirts and sashes, girls skirts blouses and aprons.

The Vermont Guild of Oldtime Crafts and Industries at Weston plan to open its show about June 1, according to Vrest Orton, secretary. The exhibit it will be housed in the Red Mill and Museum of the Vermont Guild at the north of Weston Common and will last until Nov. Last year the show was visited by thousands of people from 39 states. New Hampshire's own Folk Play, "The Old Homestead" is having its 10th annual revival this year at Potash Bowl, Swanzey Center, July 8, 9, & 10. The proceeds each year are divided among all church and community groups in Swanzey.

First session of the Monadnock-Folkways summer school is planned for June 27-July 2, inclusive. For information write to Gene Gowing, P.O. Box 72 Peterboro, N.H.

Members of the Dover (N.H.) lodge of Elks and the Dover Emblem club recently gave an evening of square and folk dances in that town. A 4-H group gave a demonstration of several types of square dances before the general dances started.



Square Dance Associates are happy to announce that Ed Durlacher, nationally famous caller and authority in the art of square dancing, assisted by the Top Hands, has recorded a new series of three square dance albums, comprising 9 records: 18 sides, pressed on the NEW broadcast UNBREAKABLE VINYLITE for higher fidelity and elimination of surface noise.

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For square dancing at its best-for healthful and invigorating communal participation, fun at parties and enjoyment of life, order HONOR YOUR PARTNER albums nos. 1, 2 and 3.

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